

VOLUME XXXVIII.

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1901.

NUMBER 992.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1900, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



"IF YOU CALL ME BY MY FIRST NAME AGAIN, I'LL KISS YOU RIGHT ON THE CORNER."
"BUT, JACK, I HAVEN'T ANY CORNERS."

"Our Foolish Virgins"



AN ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLOTTE HARDING FOR
"OUR FOOLISH VIRGINS."

is the title of an article by Eliot Gregory ("The Idler,") in the November CENTURY.

It is the first of several papers on social customs in New York, and wittily describes some of the curious developments that Mr. Gregory claims have recently taken place in the metropolis. That there is another side to the story will be shown in the next number, wherein an article, entitled "Our Wise Virgins," by another hand will appear.

Articles on the social side of the City of Washington, written by Mr. Henry L. Nelson, are to be printed in the coming year of THE CENTURY, which, as already announced, is to be

"A Year of Humor"

Begin subscriptions with November. \$4.00 a year

THE CENTURY CO. :: Union Square, :: NEW YORK

New Embroidery Book

(JUST PUBLISHED FOR 1902)

An Instructive, New Number of our "Embroidery Lessons with Colored Studies." Each year's publication better than the last. This best of all. The price is the same—only 10cts. Special features of the book are:

16 New, Full-Page Colored Plates not to be found in any other Book.

Some Beautiful Screens for Embroidery.

Beaded Silk Bags and Purses.

15 New Battenberg Designs.

Contains over 100 pages and engravings of new Dollies, Centrepieces, Tea-Croths, Sofa Pillows, etc., with full instructions.

Remember our Embroidery Silks in HOLDERS do not knot or tangle. The empty HOLDERS entitle you to valuable prizes.

All explained in the book.

Send to-day for an early copy, and ask for our 1902 Book.

Mailed for 10c.

Address

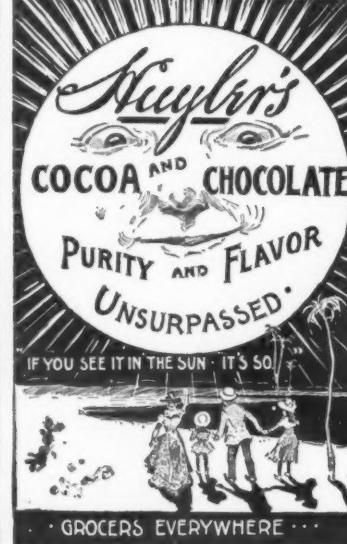
THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.
122 Union St.,
New London, Conn.

LIFE. Vol. 37

Bound in Maroon and Gold, Green and Gold, Full Black.

PRICE, \$4.00.

If Copies are returned an allowance of \$2.00 is made.



"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY
AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS.

GOOD money makers need some conservative method of investing a part of their gains to protect the rest. Successful men are just the ones to carry the most Life Insurance. The Prudential's Guaranteed Five Per Cent. Gold Bond is especially attractive as a means of investment. Write for particulars.

Fill out this slip and send to us

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Gold Bond policies.

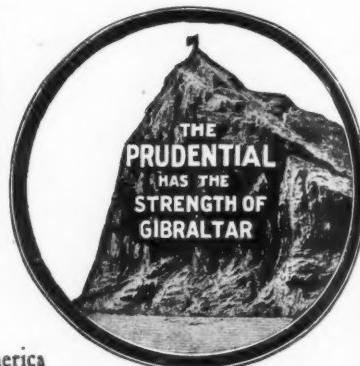
For Age

Name

Address

Occupation

DEPT. O.



The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.



The Pines of Lory

A NEW STORY BY J. A. MITCHELL

Editor of LIFE. Author of "Amos Judd," "That First Affair," Etc.

DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY A. D. BLASHFIELD
BOUND IN GREEN AND GOLD. PRICE, \$1.50

"A most original story, full of bright humor and charming sentiment."

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

LIFE



He Won the Day.

"I HOPE," said Mrs. Stonehurst to her husband, "that you will not be home until late this afternoon. My literary club meets here, and it may not be until half-past six before we disband. You wouldn't be interested, you know."

"I presume," said Stonehurst, "that you think I wouldn't be up to this sort of thing."

"Well, hardly," replied his wife. "The subject is Metaphysics, which I imagine is too deep for you."

An idea occurred to Stonehurst.

"Under ordinary circumstances, my dear," he said, "you would be right, but it happens that Metaphysics is my stronghold. I tell you what I'll do. To add to the interest of the occasion and help you to make your afternoon a success, I'll come home early and read a little paper of my own."

His wife regarded him doubtfully.

"It will be a very critical audience,"

Cherchez la Femme.

LIFE yields in all its varied round,
Of mysteries not a few,
Nor can a spot on earth be found
That knows not one or two;
This fact is true of New York town,
And doubtless of Siam,
But everywhere the wise declare,
Cherchez la femme.

Does some pale youth, whose merry laugh
Once cheered the listener's heart,
Begin to mope, like moon-struck
calf,
And play a Hamlet's part;
Or does a man of ancient mien
Sport like a playful lamb,
And lose his sense and competence?
Cherchez la femme.

she said. "Mrs. Hartstone,
Mrs. Grayfull, Mrs. Cor-
texe—"

"Yes," retorted Stonehurst, "I know 'em all. That's what makes me feel sure I can interest them. Don't be afraid, my dear, I won't disgrace you." And the matter was settled.

Stonehurst went down to his office, lit a large cigar, called his typewriter, and began as follows:

THE ULTIMATE OF THE ABSOLUTE.

Ontologically speaking, what we determine as the absolute is to be considered in its morphological aspect, not to be differentiated from the epistemological centres of determined ultimates and wholly within the range of the transcendental aestheticism. Thus we have intuitive properties, relatively displaced by irregular concepts in which antinomies are present, and should be judged by their assemblage in proportion to the predetermined spatial phenomena.

Stonehurst kept this up for twenty minutes, occasionally administering restoratives to the typewriter, and wound up as follows:

Thus we have the Ultimate of the Absolute, so placed as to be unalterable, and the cosmological reality synthetically determined

The secrets of the Cabinet

Appear, we'll say, in print;
Some scandal of the upper set
Is told by smile and hint;
Our enemies have learned, we find,
The strength of Uncle Sam,
The proper way to win the fray—
Cherchez la femme.

And so, my son, *cherchez la femme*
Whenever you're in doubt,
Be not content with saying "Damn!"
But find the culprit out;
With steady brain, untroubled eye,
Dissect each show and sham,
But waste no time on simple man—
Cherchez la femme.

William Wallace Whitelock.

by *a priori* generalities, as the psychologically hebetudinous ultimates of the empirical atmosphere, of *datur continuum formarum*, or other *gehera* dependent upon this grand and glorious result.

At seven o'clock that evening, amid the débris of dishes and the flutter of countless pieces of torn note paper, Mrs. Stonehurst threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"It was wonderful!" she exclaimed.
"The ladies all agree with me that you must be elected president of the club at once!" Tom Masson.



"IT'S GOOD!"

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVIII. NOV. 7, 1901. No. 992.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



So far as money goes, the Buffalo Fair has not paid. Its stockholders, it seems, have lost all they put in, which was two millions and a half; the contractors who put the buildings up still lack a million dollars of their dues, and the bondholders about half a million. Of course this is a much greater loss than was expected, and will grieve the spirits of many sympathizing citizens who admired and took pleasure in the Pan-American. We are all sorry that a show that was so successful artistically and cost so much pains and thought and efforts should show so serious a deficit. It is a pretty big bill for any town to pay. Still Buffalo can pay it, and doubtless will stand its loss without distress. One's sympathies are most enlisted for the contractors. The stockholders have paid their money, knowing that their investment was extra-hazardous, and they have a large and glorious experience to set off against their loss. All summer long Buffalo has been the central point of the country. It has seen, and been seen by, a vast number of edifying people. For one season it has been a metropolis, and what it thought and said and did and looked like has been of importance to all Americans. It has been lifted out of the rut of every-day matters, and its thoughts have been turned for six months running to considerations of beauty, enjoyment and hospitality. It can hardly be again the

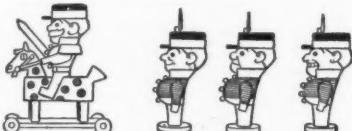
city that it has been. It can hardly fail to be a broader and more interesting town, poorer perhaps for a time, but wiser for all time. It has had a great deal for its money: new ideas, new standards of comparison, new distinctions. Those gains will stay by it. It has had an enormous advertisement, too, and the effects of that will last. And so, altogether, its gains will be permanent, while the effects of its losses will, for the most part, be transitory. What some of us outsiders will hope for with most concern is that the people, men and women, who made the Pan-American, may not suffer in health from the strain of their effort. On some good people the strain was very heavy, especially when to all else was added the calamity that cost us the life of a President. But it was a burden finely carried. At whatever loss of ease, or sleep, or money, our Buffalo friends put their big undertaking through to the admiration of all observers, it is a pleasure to offer them the congratulations due to their excellent capacity, their devotion and their grit. As for those contractors, perhaps it may be possible, presently, to help them out.



THERE is no basis for the apprehension that seems to be felt in some quarters that Fiske Warren, of Boston, intends to raise the standard of revolt in the Philippines. He doesn't. In the first place, it isn't necessary, for the standard of revolt is raised daily in the Philippines as it is, and is now particularly conspicuous in Samar. In the next place, Mr. Warren's concern is still much more for the Americans and the honor of his own country, than for the Filipinos. He does not mean mischief. He is only anxious to do what he can to mend situation that he believes to need attention. He is a generous-spirited man, and honorable and unselfish as well as loyal in his aspirations. It didn't hurt him to take the oath of allegiance, but he is not really a suspicious or dangerous character. He is a good man, though somewhat out of the common order in his feelings and convictions.

Officers of the army who have come back from the Philippines have been known to speak disparagingly of the general run of Americans, not in gov-

ernment employ, who have found their way to Manila and beyond. As a rule they seem to be a pretty bad lot, and not adapted to do the islands or their population any good, or to reflect credit on the American name. If there were no worse Americans than Mr. Warren in the Philippines, our task there would be easier than it is and our prospects considerably brighter.



THE misery our British brethren have brought down on themselves by undertaking to subdue the Boers continues to pass all expectation. In South Africa the war is growing savage and dreadful beyond all modern precedent. In England it threatens to pull down the government that brought it on. There is no sign of the end in sight, and there is a certainty that unless an end comes soon, something very heavy will drop in England. English government has been a government of the upper classes, for the benefit of all classes, but by no means forgetting themselves. The straits the present government is in excite speculation on the possibility of the advancement of new men of a new sort to the control of affairs. The trouble is to find the new men. The worst of England's pickle is the dearth of alternatives. It is terrible to hold on, but may be worse to let go.



SENATOR TILLMAN, of South Carolina, has been quoted as saying, apropos of Booker Washington's dinner with the President:

"The action of President Roosevelt in entertaining that nigger will necessitate our killing a thousand niggers in the South before they will learn their place again."

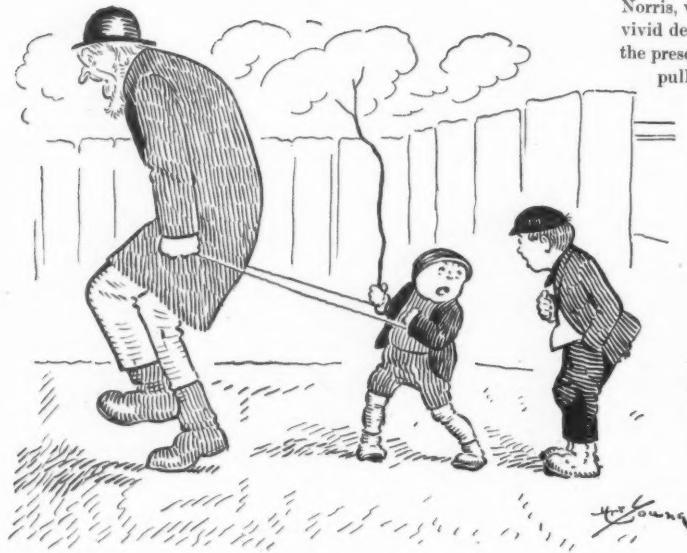
Tillman is a brute, and what he says ought not to be of much importance, except as it illustrates himself and his qualifications to be a Senator of the United States. But if he spoke the words attributed to him he ought to be in jail, where he would make a suitable companion for Emma Goldman, who ought to be there also, and for the same offense—inciting murder.



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR—XVII.

Many years pass, and I am still with my last friends in their beautiful Southern home. Another generation has come: and another war. The young daughter of the house and her girl friends often meet here to work and sigh for the boys who have left them to fight for their beloved South.

• LIFE •



"COME OVER AND PLAY MARBLES WID US, JIMMY."
"OH, CHEE, I CAN'T. GRANDPA'S VISITIN' US, AND MAMMA SENT ME OUT TO AMUSE HIM."

"A LONG, low craft!" said the merman, regarding the approaching vessel more narrowly.

The mermaid betrayed agitation, in her hands convulsively clasped, and her glistening eyes.

"An ocean dachshund, perhaps!" she exclaimed.



The Moderns, by George Trimble Davidson, purports to be a story of ultra-fashionable New York society. It has all the points of a good old-fashioned melodrama, and, on the stage, would delight the galleries. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The new season is bringing us a great many good books. *The Right of Way*, by Gilbert Parker, is one of them. Delicate character study, a charming style and artistic handling of an unusual plot combine to make it Mr. Parker's best work. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Another is *Tristram of Blent*. This classes with *Quisante* rather than with Anthony Hope's earlier works, and, while less strong, it is a more pleasant story. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

Too many sweets in our literary diet doubtless impair the mental digestion, and an occasional corrective from the pen of a witty pessimist is salutary. *Our Friend the Charlatan*, George Gissing's satire upon the mental attitude of the times, leaves a bitter taste in the mouth, but is altogether too clever to leave unread. (Henry Holt and Company.)

In ordinary times *The Grapes of Wrath, a Story of the North and South*, by Mary Harriett

Norris, would pass as a moderately good novel, containing some vivid descriptions of the final campaign about Richmond. In the present flood of Civil War fiction, however, it is hardly worth pulling out of the stream. (Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.50.)

We are indebted to the trenchant pen of Joseph McCabe for a most entertaining work upon the life and times of *Peter Abelard*. Father McCabe's presentation of the ethical and religious ideals and dialectical struggles of the twelfth century is remarkably clear, although more than likely to figure in the Index Expurgatorius. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. Daniel Woodroffe seems to have been very low in his mind when he wrote *Tangled Trinities*. The book certainly proves that English provincial life can be very uninteresting, but we would suggest that the mere habit of looking at the disagreeable side of things does not make a satirist. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Equal Partners, by Howard Fielding, is a detective story purporting to illustrate the methods of the New York police force. It ought to have had yellow paper covers. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

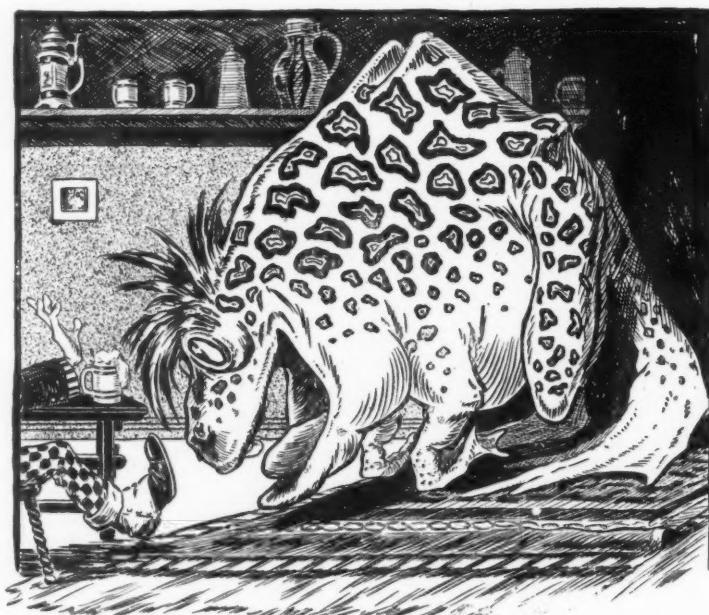
"A Girl of Chicago." By Mary Monroe Parker. (F. Tennyson Neely Company. \$1.50.)

"The Old House by the Sea." By Sarah E. Phipps. (F. Tennyson Neely Company.)

"The Ambitions of a Worldly Woman." By Alice E. Murray. (F. Tennyson Neely Company. \$1.50.)

"Kansas Zephyrs." By Ed. Blair. (The American Thresherman, Madison, Wis. \$1.00.)

"Told by Two" (Donohue) is by Marie St. Felix, whose "Little Game with Destiny" will be remembered as very clever, but not very nice. The present volume is unobjectionable, being a sort of guide to Bermuda, sugar-coated with a love story.



Bob Addams/1901

HAIL TO THE GRAY GESUNDHEIT TOAD
WHO KNOWS NO SHRINKING FEAR,
BUT BUILDS HIS NEST OF BROKEN STEINS
AND FROTH OF PILSENER BEER.

HIS EYES GLINT FIERCELY AS HE STEALS
ACROSS THE CAFE RUG
AND LEAPS UPON THE PAPER-SPORT
WHO SHYS HIS SECOND MUG



Farmer Field Mouse : HEY, THERE, YOU FLIES, GET OFF ! I THOUGHT IT WAS QUEER WHY MY TEAM COULDN'T BUDGE THIS LOAD.



A Yellow Proceeding.

YELLOW journalism is not only objectionable in print, but a recent occurrence in Albany shows it is equally unprincipled in its business methods. The case in point is the attempt of the *New York Journal* to drive out of business W. J. Coulson, one of the principal newsdealers in Albany. As reported to LIFE, the first step was placing on either side of Mr. Coulson's shop two loud-mouthed ruffians, who offered to give away copies of the *Journal* and to sell the other newspapers at half-price. Under date of October 11th, a trusted correspondent in Albany sends us these further particulars :

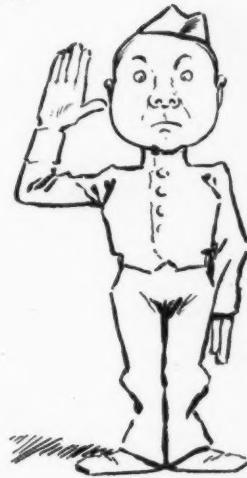
The day after the President was shot, he (Coulson) put up this sign : "I do not sell the *New York Journal*. Please do not ask for it." The next day he had the following sign painted in large letters : "We do not sell the *New York Journal*, and we never will. Please do not ask for it."

Mr. Hearst's emissaries are not confined to two, but sometimes eight or ten. They have become such a nuisance by their "hollering," and their insulting conduct towards passers-by—and this, you must remember, is the most prominent corner in Albany—that police protection has been asked for and refused, and to-day Coulson has put the case in the hands of a lawyer.

Last week an agent of Mr. Hearst's attempted to have Coulson evicted for creating a nuisance, which Hearst himself is responsible for, and, failing in that, offered to lease the building at a sum greatly in excess of the price now obtained. He failed in this, and then offered to purchase the building. Coulson informs me that, notwithstanding the discouraging surroundings, and the persecution that he is exposed to, his business is greater and his profits larger than ever before. He says that it is a matter of principle with him, and that he will fight it to the end, but that, of course, to win, he must have the support of the public.

The *Journal* has, as usual, failed to appreciate the spirit of the American people. It is to the credit of Albany that its citizens are rallying to the support of Mr. Coulson. They are showing Mr. Hearst that not even with all the money he has at his command can he engage with impunity in a conspiracy to ruin an American citizen.

A RAW RECRUIT.



"RIGHT HAND SALUTE—EYES RIGHT."



"ONE AT A TIME, YOU BLOOMIN' IDIOT."

"**M**AMMA, why are you crying?" asked little Ethel of her mother, as they watched a funeral on the opposite side of the street.

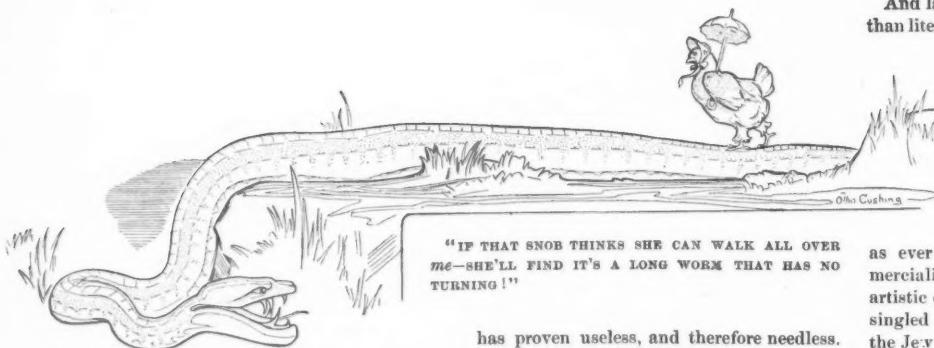
"Dearie, I am crying because God has taken your playmate Mabel."

ETHEL (reflecting) : God takes things, does He? Then I guess I'll hide my new thimble.

Hopeful.

VISITING CLERGYMAN : Do you ever look forward with fear to the awful torments that await you in the future?

PRISONER : Well, I don't know, sir. When I get out my wife may not be alive.



Kickers' Column.

The Editor regrets that he is compelled to exclude many interesting letters on account of their length. Letters should not be longer than two hundred words, and are more likely to be inserted if still shorter.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.
Dear Sirs: In your number of September 26th is a letter, which, to say the least, is surprising to find in such a paper as yours. I cannot let such a scurrilous attack go unanswered.

The writer seems to think he knows the Jesuits. I also know the Jesuits—not, however, from the writings of their enemies, but from personal acquaintance, and since childhood. I have known them in Rome, in France and in England, as well as in America.

To know them is to admire and esteem them; nay, more—to look on them as one of the ablest and noblest bodies of men living.

Their watchword and motto is *Ad majorem Dei gloriam* ("For the greater glory of God"). For that and for that only they live and work and pray.

It is evident that under such a banner no one could go far wrong.

If your correspondent is in good faith, let him read "The Jesuits," by Paul Féval. The book has been translated into English.

Yours truly,
A Lover of Truth.

PARIS, October 8, 1901.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

When one reads in one of your recent issues that the Jew contaminates whatever he touches, he must needs reflect a little, rub his eyes somewhat, and then ask himself whether anti-Semitism in this country has at last arrived. It must pain all thoughtful members of that despised race to see LIFE lend its powerful influence to engender an agitation which the whole world's history

has proven useless, and therefore needless. I have been a reader of your sheet since its inception, and have followed its growth in power and circulation with much interest, but I couldn't help observing at the same time, and with much regret, the growth of personal feeling against a certain theatrical manager, until the bitterness injected into this controversy is directed against a whole people.

I will not attempt to show how illogical all this is, but merely to question the statement that has called forth this letter. Has the Jew lowered the standard of commercial honor in this country? Was he concerned in any of the infamous deals that have brought destruction upon the orphan and the widow, that have debauched the Court and corrupted the Legislature? Does his name often figure among the numerous lists of embezzlers and other betrayers of trusts? Do the activities with which he is commonly connected depend upon deceit, manipulation of news and courts, and the defiance of law, the circulation of lying rumors and the cornering of necessities of life?

Does the Jew figure much in the divorce courts? Is his standard of morality in his private and family life a low one? Where the Jew in this respect has copied his Gentile neighbor and overthrown the safeguards of centuries, who is the contaminated and who the contaminator? Does he overflow the prisons and crowd the almshouses? Is he very often a public charge? Is he frequently numbered among the drunkards and thugs?

Is the newspaper with which some associate the Jew lower in tone or morals, less reliable, or as prolific in fakes and vile cartoons as other papers that may be easily mentioned? Hasn't that sheet, in spite of its sensationalism, won an honorable place among the legitimate and powerful press in this country?

And lastly, is the theatre on a lower plane than literature and art? Isn't the decline from

Longfellow, Hawthorne, and the more recent Howells and James to the very recent historical romancers much greater than the drop from Daly's to the Empire Theatre Company? On the other hand, isn't grand opera, controlled by the contaminating Jew, on as high a plane

as ever it was? Isn't it a fact that commercialism enters into every branch of artistic endeavor? Then why is one activity singled out? Of course it can't be because the Jew is in control?

I think I have suggested through these queries a few of the ills that afflict the American people, and candid answers will show that for a race that is popularly believed to have such a large capacity for evil, the Jew has sadly neglected his opportunities. Perhaps he hasn't had a fair show, because the field for mischief seems to have been pre-empted.

W. I. W.

ROXBURY, BOSTON, Oct. 10, 1901.

"SHE'S an omnivorous reader, isn't she?"

"I should say so. She says she has read all the best selling books of the year."

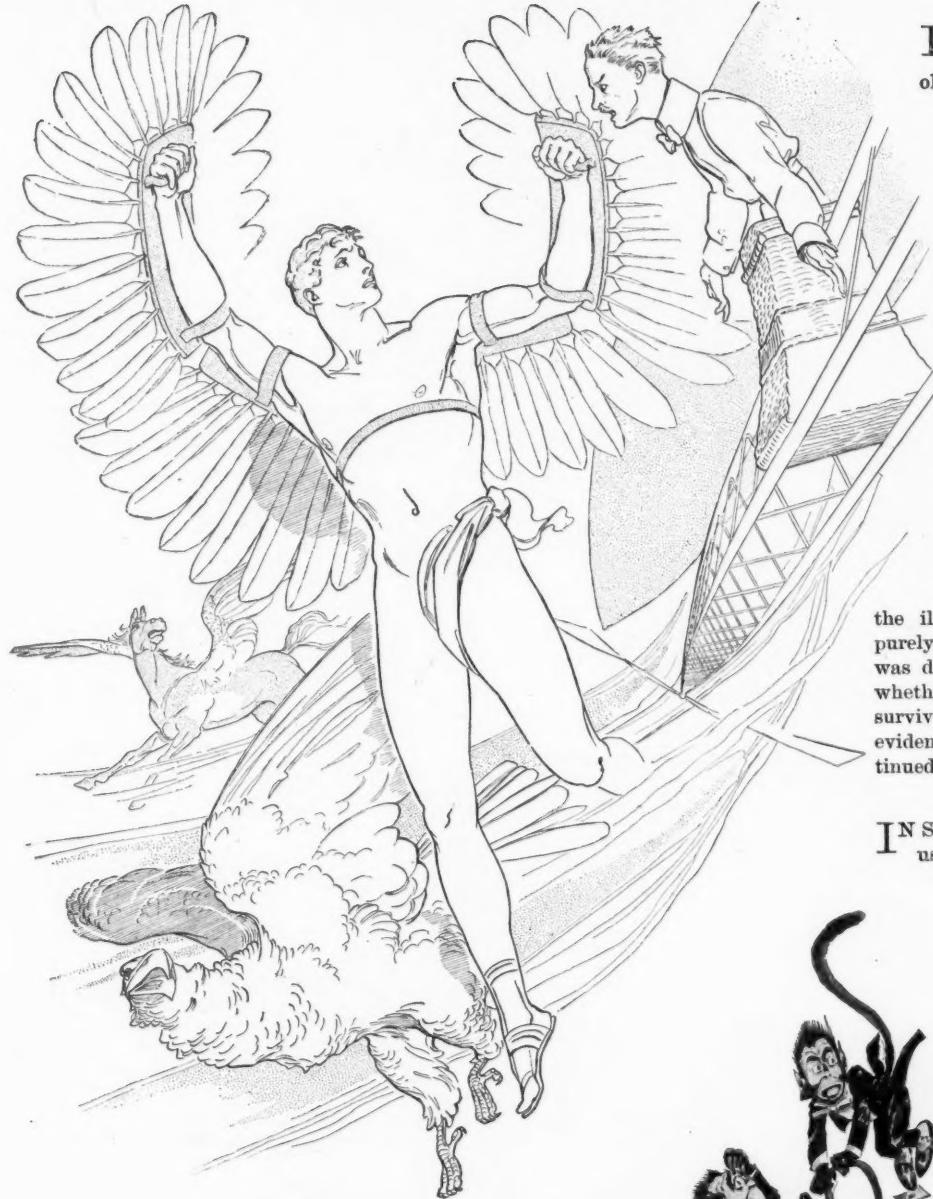


A DISTINGUISHED COMPOSER.

New Life.

IT is a pleasure to record the great improvement in that old and respected publication, the *Bible Society Record*. Forty years ago it was about as interesting as Homer's Catalogue of Ships, or one of the "begat" chapters in the Old Testament. A recent number, the first seen by the present narrator for many years, had a green cover, something like *Outing*, and abounded in pictures, some of them of great interest. One series of pictures, of a lot of heathen ladies and gentlemen, wearing little or no clothes, to whom the Bible had lately been carried, was quite as interesting, and quite as well adapted to increase circulation as the illustrations in most of the purely secular magazines. There was discussion not long ago as to whether the Bible Society had not survived its usefulness. The *Record's* evidence of the old Society's continued vigor is welcomed.

IN Society to think is worse than useless—it is unprecedented.



FROM ICARUS TO SANTOS-DUMONT.

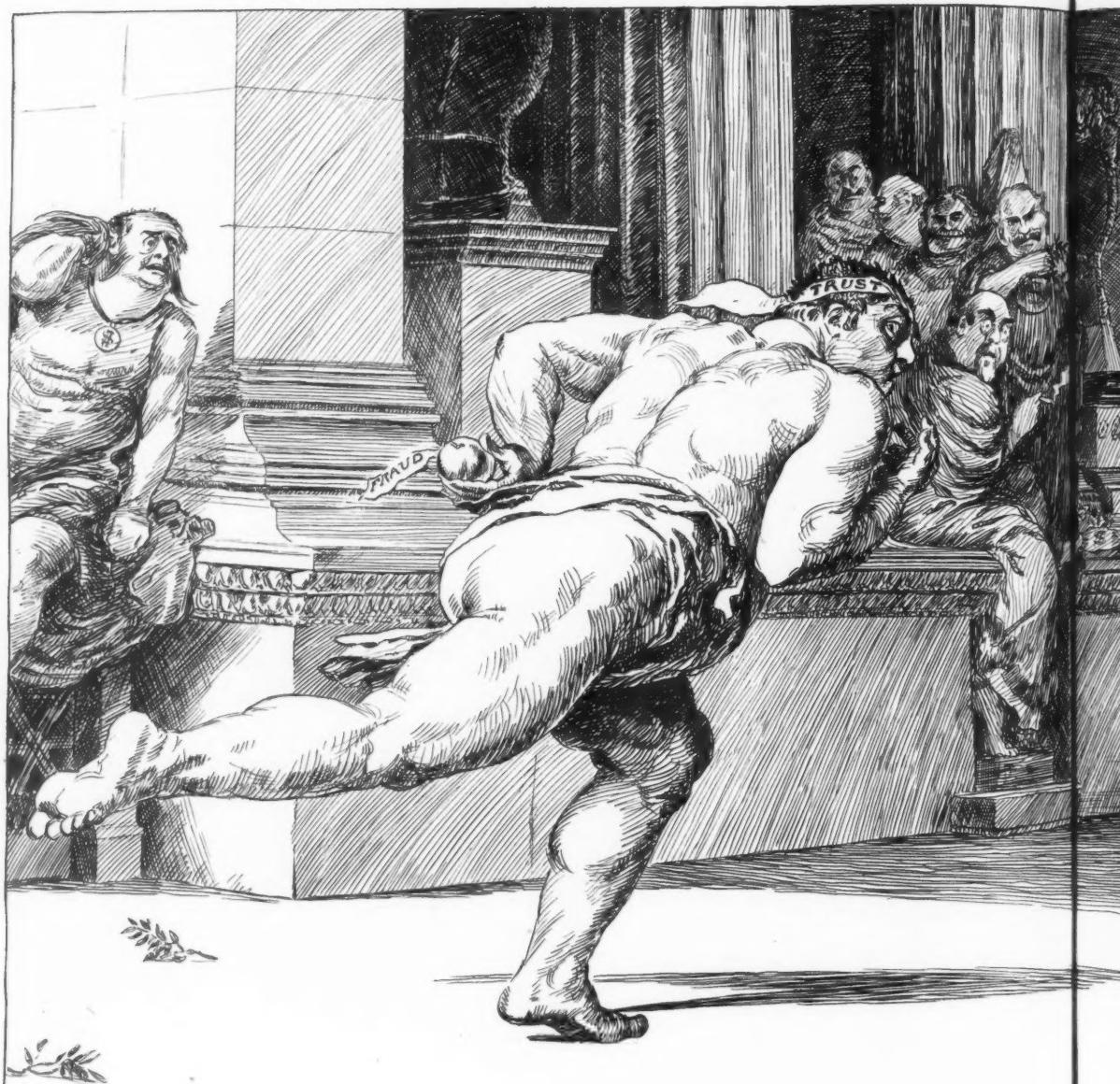
Music.

THAT most excellent musical organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, announces a series of five evening concerts and five afternoon performances at Carnegie Hall, beginning Thursday, November 7th, and ending in March. Mr. Gericke and his men, and what they do, are too well known in New York to need any introduction, and the announcement of their coming is a promise of pleasure for music-lovers.



"LOOK OUT, BILL. ELLY'S GOING TO TRUMP IT!"

LIFE



Copyright, 1901, by Life Publishing Co.

ATLANTA'S RA
(Apologies to Sir Edward J. Poy)

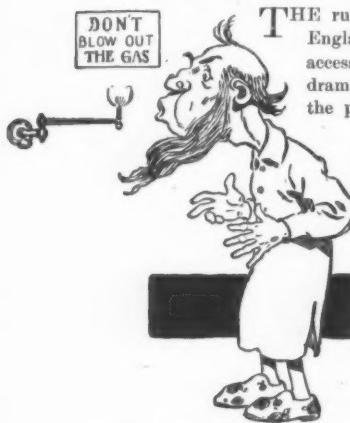
LIRE.



ATALANTA'S RACE.
(Sir Edward J. Poynter, P. R. A.)



An Acute Attack of Ruralism.



THE rural drama which we import from England makes rural life simply an accessory to the story of the play. Rural drama as it is known in America makes the play hinge on the peculiarities of individuals who are supposed to be typical of certain country districts. The leading character of our rural plays is usually distinguished as the faithful reproduction of the typical farming or grazing citizen of Maine, or Texas, or from the intervening territory, as the case may be. Outside of their commercial value to the author and manager, these plays might be valuable historically as representing certain phases in our national development, if they were

of better literary quality and dealt more with average types than with eccentric ones. But average types are not picturesque, and so our stage views of American life in its changing aspects rest on the ability of certain actors to depict certain typical characters. Who to-day speaks of the *Solon Shingle* of Owens? Who will speak of Mr. Jefferson's *Rip* after the present generation of theatre-goers shall have passed away? The weakness of plays like "Eben Holden"—which is simply a stage-carpenter's fitting of Mr. Bacheller's popular novel of the same title—is that it makes the play rest on the individual instead of making the individual a part of the play ("Hamlet" has the same weakness, but "Hamlet" possesses some redeeming features which are not apparent in this piece. Also it may be said that *Hamlet* is exploited not so much for his physical peculiarities as for his mental traits.) "Eben Holden" as a play will survive only so long as the public is interested in its types and so long as they are amusingly portrayed. As a play it is crude, but in places amusing, and may perhaps please that class of theatre-goers who do not insist on something besides more or less faithful reproduction of eccentric but worn-out types.

Being a photographic play, much rests on the actors. Mr. E. M. Holland, who is too expert and polished a comedian to lend himself to the kind of characterization called for in the role of *Eben Holden*, is only fairly good in the part. So many peculiar individuals exist in New England that it would be unsafe to say that he doesn't realize some one of them. Bits of his dialect are strongly reminiscent of the South, but it may be recorded that as always his work is painstaking, and that he realizes with fair

success a part to which he is far less suited than many in which he has appeared before the public. Of his support it may be said that the actress who plays the heroine is a comely lady who lacks artistic experience more than a very evident desire to please; that Mr. Ryder, the junior hero, also lacks experience, but possesses a personality and energy which should make him succeed, and that Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Hardman in eccentric parts are entitled to notice and credit.

Persons who enjoy American rural drama of the conventional kind will find this piece to their liking.

* * *

IN Mr. Presbrey's play at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, the rural element is not so entirely the strong feature, and metropolitan magnificence is introduced in a way to startle middle New Hampshire and those parts of the metropolis outside the limits of the Tenderloin precinct. In this play strict ruralism is sacrificed to the needs of the story. In "New England Folks" rural virtue comes to New York to be tempted. In "Eben Holden" the temptation comes to be served up right in the home surroundings of real horses, real hay, real knitted mufflers and real pop corn. "New England Folks" depends more on its plot than its depiction of types, and on that account the extremely deliberate utterance of Mr. Mordaunt and the pronounced beauty of Gracey Scott neither mar nor make the play. The story is conventional, but interesting, and if the author could cut out some of the wordiness it would gain in the telling.

* * *

RURAL drama in America is usually well staged and well played. It begins to seem, however, that we had reached the point where ruralism in itself had received quite enough attention.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—Spectacular production of Augustus Thomas's excellent play, "Arizona." Worth seeing.

Broadway.—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Notice later.

Bijou.—"The Auctioneer," with David Warfield's admirable portrayal of the East-side Jew, Levi Cohen.

Daly's.—Musical comedy, "The Messenger Boy," with James T. Powers as the star. Amusing.

Herald Square.—Casino production, "The New Yorkers," Good of its kind.

Garrison.—"A Message from Mars." Clever and original play well presented.

Fourteenth Street.—"New England Folks," by Eugene Presbrey. See above.

Garden.—"If I Were King," with Mr. E. H. Sothern and Clisy Lotus in the leading roles. An interesting and artistic performance.

Empire.—Mr. John Drew as Major Birmingham in "The Second in Command." Polite comedy well acted.

Knickerbocker.—Irving and Terry. "Good wine needs no bush."

Lyceum.—Dainty Annie Russell in amusing comedy, "A Royal Family."

Manhattan.—"Miranda of the Balcony," with Mrs. Fiske as Miranda. An unusually interesting and artistic performance.

Madison Square.—A merry exhibition of pretty women and light music, entitled "Liberty Belles."

Republic.—"The Bonnie Brier Bush," with Mr. J. H. Stoddart as the star. A pretty play well done.

Wallack's.—"Don Caesar's Return." Romantic melodrama, with Mr. J. K. Hackett as Don Caesar. Worth seeing.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Vaudeville and burlesque more or less amusing. Cost of seats more or less exorbitant.



GRAYCE SCOTT IN "NEW ENGLAND FOLKS."

THE MAIDEN AUNTS



THERE was once a young girl who was beautiful but not at all progressive. She declined to serve on committees, she did not belong to one Woman's Club, and she had never even attended a convention. One day her mother, who was ambitious, was berating her daughter in such loud tones that she was overheard by the President of the Maiden Aunts' Convention, who was passing the house.

The Maiden Aunt rang the bell and inquired who was dulling the sensitive ear of the young person, and what the matter was. The mother, wishing to shield her daughter, said, "I was scolding my daughter because she never stays at home. She belongs to nine executive committees and twenty-three women's clubs, and is constantly presiding at conventions in distant cities."

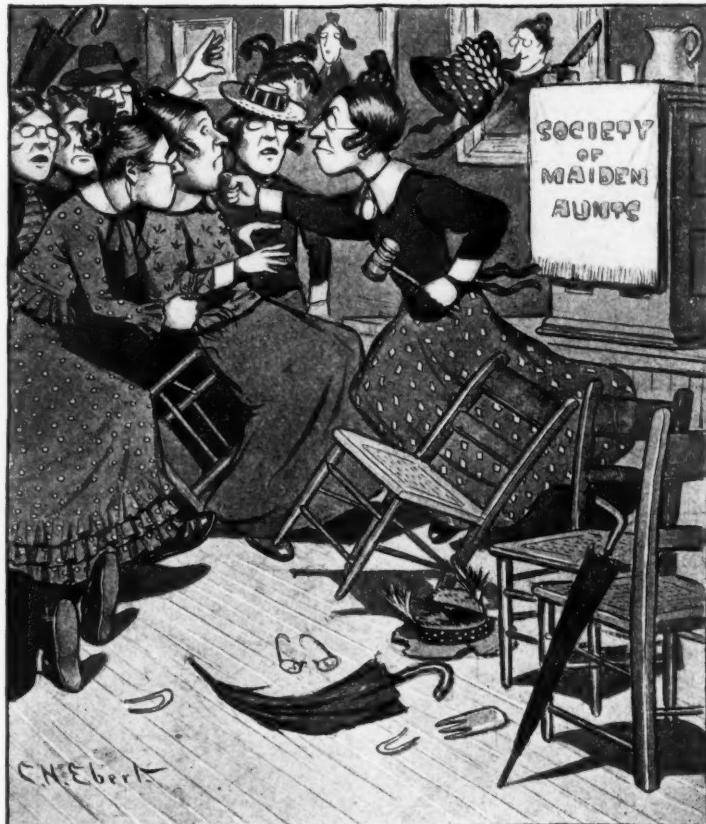
"Indeed," said the Maiden Aunt, "if she can do all that, she shall marry my nephew. There are to be three delegation meetings this week that I shall be unable to attend, but I have the privilege of naming the Chairman. I will appoint your daughter to preside, notifying her by postal, and if I hear good accounts of her, she shall marry my only nephew."

When the mother reported the conversation, the daughter burst into tears. "I know him," she sobbed, "he leads the German beautifully. What shall I do?"

Just then three ladies were announced to see her. She wiped her eyes and went downstairs. They were three remarkable women. One had a fixed smile, one had a right hand twice the size of the left, and one had the voice of a steam calliope. The latter announced, "We are three sisters come to help you. We will in turn take your place at these meetings, on condition that you will invite us to your wedding and introduce us as your Maiden Aunts."

The poor girl promised readily and waited for accounts of the meetings. After the reception of delegates from

The President of the Maiden Aunts came to call immediately after the adjournment and brought her nephew. He confessed at once to the beautiful girl that he never would have thought it of her, and they agreed to hasten their marriage.



THE MEETING WAS BROUGHT TO ORDER.

Tullahohany, the newspapers were enthusiastic over the winsome smile of the gracious Lady Chairman. The day after the quarrel in precedence between the old and young Maiden Aunts of Elirion, they gave unstinted praise to the officer who wielded the gavel so effectively that the meeting was brought to order before the police had to be called in. The meeting of the Occidental Chapter was last, largest and most social, and the press could not contain its enthusiasm over the ringing tones that dominated the vast assembly.

The bride did not forget to invite her faithful friends, and, after the ceremony, they came up to be introduced to the groom as her Maiden Aunts.

"Where did she get that smile?" whispered the groom.

"Presiding," answered the bride. Numb from the grasp of the second, he murmured:

"Where did she get that hand?"

"Presiding," whispered the bride. Half-deaf from the congratulations of the third, he asked:

"Where did she get that voice?"

• LIFE •

An Impertinence.

"Presiding," cooed the bride.
Then he called his Maiden Aunt, and pointing out to her the effect that public life had on his wife's family, he solemnly declared that she should never attend another woman's meeting as long as she lived.

Katherine L. Mead.



The Pen and Ink Imps.

I'M just the troubledest child I know.
I try so hard, and worry so

To learn to write with pen and ink,
But everything's possessed, I think,
With little imps, that just delight
To tease me so I cannot write.

I start with paper white and clean,
And not to make one blot I mean,
When I have dipped the pen-point in
The ink—but just when I begin,
One little imp, he grabs my chair,
And shakes and bumps it everywhere;
Another climbs upon the pen,
And pulls it 'round and 'round, and then
A third one makes my paper tear.
And then another, I declare,
Tips up the bottle full of ink,
And spills it—just for spite, I think—
Until my table is a sight!

It seems a little girl can't write!

WHEN you see two men laughing,
something has happened to a
third.



EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY.



made with the *Commercial Advertiser*, it be-hooches the other daily papers to behave themselves.

Truly the theatrical advertising in the *Commercial Advertiser* is an object lesson.

The italics are the lines underscored by the person who sent the editorial. They convey a slight intimation—it might be called a threat, if *LIFE*'s opinions were ever influenced by its advertising—that *LIFE* has got to refrain from telling the truth about the Trust and its speculations. Up to the present time *LIFE* has been able to pay its debts and to employ and discharge whom it pleased without the aid or advice of the Theatrical Syndicate. It has no present intention of changing its methods, even though some of the powerful dailies do submit to the dictation of an impudent institution.

The sordid views expressed in the editorial are those of the Syndicate. The methods employed in this case are those that the Syndicate employs in all its dealings with the art dramatic. *LIFE* doesn't like them and has not been afraid to say so. And it will continue to say so.

A Suggestion.

THE ANGRY FATHER: What do you expect me to do—send you all the money you ask for, or calmly allow you to get into debt?

THE SON: You might do both.



*Mr. Bat: DARN THAT NEW TAILOR OF MINE.
HE FORGOT TO TURN THE POCKETS UPSIDE DOWN.*



THOUGH beauty is only skin-deep,
As carpers would have us believe,
There's enough of it still up the sleeve
Of Lucy to rob me of sleep.
So learn, by the state that I'm in—
Neglecting my meals, and all that—
That the heart's not protected by fat,
Nor are looks the less fatal, though thin.

P. Allan Gilbert
w/



THE STAGE VILLAIN.

Under the painted canvas tree
The wicked villain stands,
With blue-black whiskers on his face
In coarse and shining strands,
And gleaming daggers tensely held
In both his sinewy hands.
His record's bad, and black, and long,
He's "wanted" everywhere.
Detectives crack are on his track,
Yet never find his lair,
Until just as the curtain falls,
They land on him for fair.
Act in, act out, he maims and slays,
And lies, and robs, and steals;
He sneaks along with dagger drawn
Behind the hero's heels,
And yet no crime, however foul,
His purpose dark reveals.
The children coming home from school
(A millionaire's, of course),
He gags and blinds and carries off
Upon a charging horse,
And, though they howl, and plead, and wail,
He never shows remorse.
In fact, he says but little, save
When some deep plan is spoiled,
When some bold hero lands the girl
For whom the villain toiled.
He grows between his close-clenched teeth
In awful accents, "F-f-f-f-foiled!"
He goes on Sunday to the church,
And prays both loud and long,
And lifts his large and deep bass voice

In spiritual song,
For playing the church-member dodge
Is where he most is strong.
Killing, destroying, embezzling,
Through every act he goes,
Each moment sees some new-formed plan
To add to human woes.
Something attempted, something done,
Has foiled his many foes.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
No longer will we lack
The means to trace a villain down
And catch him in his track.
We'll straight pursue all deep-voiced men
Whose whiskers are blue-black!
—J. J. Montague, in *The Portland Oregonian*.

THE WAYS OF THE GOLF GIRL.

Having had the honor this autumn to visit in a country house near New York at the same time as a golf champion, whose achievements on the links were thrilling the country, I learned many curious things about athletic damsels and their ways. The young lady in question arrived a week before the tournament that was to decide her supremacy, accompanied by her English trainer, a masseuse, and incidentally by her mamma, a feeble-minded lady, so completely demoralized by her daughter's celebrity that she could talk of little else, and would confide, with little thrills of pride, to any one she could get to listen to her, how she could not take a ferry-boat or trolley-car without being pointed out as the mother of the "champion."

Nothing more curious than the habits of the young athlete herself can be imagined. After a morning round of the links in company with the coach, she was handed over to her woman keeper, to be doused and rubbed and curry-combed till lunch-

eon time. The afternoon was passed exercising in a gymnasium fitted up in the billiard-room for her use. After her dinner which, by the way, consisted principally of meat carefully weighed by mamma in small scales, the girl was again rubbed and exercised before retiring. Hers was no idle life, you see.

As the great day grew near, envoys from the press appeared on the scene to sketch and snap-shot the celebrity in every pose. Sporty gents in loud clothes followed the morning play surreptitiously, in order that the betting centers might be kept informed as to her condition, and sent to the paper none too delicate accounts of her "form" and general appearance—familiarities it was impossible to prevent or resent as the girl had for the moment become the property of the betting public, which was putting its money on her, and so expected to be kept informed as to the chances of success.

The strain of the last twenty-four hours was dreadful on the whole household. We talked of little but the match and "odds." It was rather a shock, I confess, to discover that our fair Diana (on the verge of a breakdown) was being kept to her work by frequent libations of strong "tea," carried by mamma in a flask for the purpose. All minor ills, however, were forgotten when at noon on the great day our sports-woman was brought home, collapsed, but victorious. We felt that glory had, indeed, been shed upon the house. Mamma, on the thin edge of hysterics, where she had been staggering for a week, sobbed out that her only regret was that "Tom" had not lived to see the day, and that dear "Polly" had always been the joy and comfort of her life!

As all the papers published photos and biographical sketches of the winner, needlessly I add that her portrait adorned most of the railway stations and hotel lobbies in the country, and that her pet name was on the lips of every stable boy and bartender in the neighborhood, who may have won or lost their cash through her prowess.

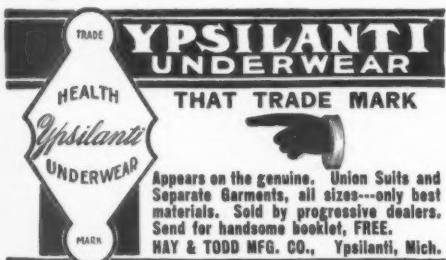
—Eliot Gregory, in *The Century*.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E.C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano,
37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.
WILSON
WHISKEY.
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

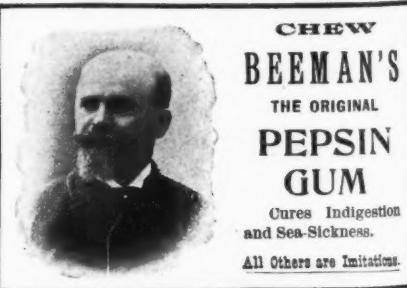


Redmond,
Kerr & Co. DEALERS IN
HIGH GRADE
INVESTMENT
SECURITIES.
BANKERS,
41 WALL ST., N. Y.
Members
N. Y. Stock Exchange.
Issue Travellers'
Letters of Credit
Available Throughout the World.

"Builds a new head." Virgin oil imported from Yucatan, restores gray hair to its original color; or your money back — no dye — amber color vegetable oil — kills dandruff. If interested, address for valuable information, The Yucatan Oil Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS
150 Varieties.
For Sale by all Stationers.
Works, Camden, N. J. THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO. 26 John St. New York.

Esterbrook's Falcon is the standard among pens.



LIFE

The PRIZE on SYLVIA'S HEAD—is \$500.



SYLVIA
AS IMAGINED BY ALBERT HERTER

SYLVIA is the heroine of a new novel, entitled *Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess in Europe*. She lived abroad, and is described by one of her admirers as "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN EUROPE." Twelve artists, known for their types of beautiful women, were invited each to make a drawing expressing his idea of the charming heroine. Their pictures are all reproduced in the book. By a natural suggestion, all persons who like a good story and admire beautiful women are now asked to give their opinion of the types represented.

SYLVIA: The STORY of an AMERICAN COUNTESS

By EVALYN EMERSON. With Pictures of the Heroine by

Albert R. Blashfield, Carle J. Blenner, J. Wells Champney, Howard Chandler Christy, Louise Cox, Joseph De Camp, John Elliott, C. Allan Gilbert, Albert Herter, Henry Hutt, Alice Barber Stephens, A. B. Wenzell.

The person whose list comes nearest to the choice of the majority will receive A PRIZE OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500.00).

The book itself is a charming and clever love story, readable and interesting from cover to cover. The voting is very simple. Each volume contains full particulars and a slip on which the reader is to register his choice. It is a matter on which every one will naturally have an opinion; and the prize of \$500.00 is worth guessing for. Order through the book stores or send \$1.50 direct to the publishers. (Both these pictures copyright 1901 by)

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY

6 Pierce Building

BOSTON



SYLVIA
AS IMAGINED BY C. ALLAN GILBERT



Guaranty Trust Co. of New York

NASSAU, CORNER CEDAR STREET.

LONDON OFFICES 33 LOMBARD ST., E. C. 60 ST. JAMES ST., S. W.

Capital \$2,000,000. Surplus \$4,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS subject to cheque or on certificate.

Acts as Trustee for Corporations, Firms & Individuals; and as Guardian, Executor & Administrator; Takes entire charge of Real and Personal Estates; carefully selected securities offered for investment

TRAVELERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT available in all parts of the world;

ALSO COMMERCIAL LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED.

DRAFTS on all parts of Great Britain, France and Germany BOUGHT and SOLD.

WALTER G. OAKMAN, President.

ADRIAN ISELIN, JR., Vice-President.

GEORGE R. TURNBULL, 2d Vice-President.

HENRY A. MURRAY, 3d Vice-President.

WM. C. EDWARDS, Treasurer.

JOHNS GAULT, Manager Foreign Department.

E. C. HEBBARD, Secretary.

F. C. HARRIMAN, Assistant Treasurer.

R. C. NEWTON, Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS:

Samuel D. Babcock,
George F. Baker,
George S. Bowdoin,
August Belmont,
Frederic Cromwell,

Walter R. Gillette,
G. G. Haven,
E. H. Harriman,
R. Somers Hayes,
Charles R. Henderson,

Adrian Iselin, Jr.,
Augustus D. Juilliard,
James N. Jarvie,
Richard A. McCurdy,
Levi P. Morton,

Alexander E. Orr,
Walter G. Oakman,
Henry H. Rogers,
H. McK. Twombly,
Harry Payne Whitney.

London Committee

ARTHUR J. FRASER, Chairman; LEVI P. MORTON, DONALD C. HALDEMAN.

Morning, Noon and Night Fast Trains to the West—Via NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Arnold
Constable & Co.

Fashionable Furs.

Short Coats—in Broadtail,
Seal and Persian.

Fur-Lined Paletots, Ulsters
and Capes.

Neck Scarfs and Muffs.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

The Improved
BOSTON GARTER

The Standard
for Gentlemen

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON
GARTER" is stamped
on every loop.

The
Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample pair, Silk 60c.
Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

LIFE



"MISS HOLLER says she thinks she will have her voice tried."

"Well, if she does, the verdict will be 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

MAID, WIFE OR WIDOW, Bachelor, husband or widower, all find telephone service useful at all hours of the day. None who values comfort, neatness and despatch can afford to be without it. Rates in Manhattan from \$5 a month. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.

MAMMA: What's the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?

WILLIE: Naw!

"Why? Didn't you get enough to eat?"

"Yes; but I didn't get too much."

—*Philadelphia Record*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON. Commonwealth Avenue. Electric Lights. New and most approved plumbing.

MISTRESS: Did you tell the lady I was out?

SERVANT GIRL: Yes, ma'am.

"Did she seem to have any doubt about it?"

"No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't."

—*Glasgow Times*.

DULL care and doleful faces do not abide with the user of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

"Is Bambrick's mind permanently affected?"

"No, they think not. You see, he had been trying to understand the New York Yacht Club's rules for calculating time allowances."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

WAITER:

A dozen on half shell, some celery, and a pint of Cook's Imperial Champagne Extra Dry. I wish to dine with the gods.

MANAGER: Yes, there are a few vacancies in my company. Have you been on the stage long?

LADY: About ten years.

"Ah! then you have had a good deal of experience."

"No, I can't say that I have."

"But you acted?"

"No; there was never anything for me to do."

"Ah, I see. You have been in the company of a great actress who wrote the plays herself."—*New York Weekly*.

Manhattan Theatre B'way & 33d St., New York.

MRS FISKE
and her company in
MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY

Every Evening at 8:20. Saturday Matinee at 2:15.



School of Bookbinding for Ladies

SCHLEUNING & ADAMS, 256 West 23d St., N. Y. City.

Bookplates Designed and Engraved. Artistic Bookbinders
Send for Prospectus

Milo
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
Aromatic Delicacy, Mildness, Purity
AT YOUR CLUB OR DEALERS

23 YEARS
the Standard of Excellence

gaeger
Woolens

ONLY TRUE SANITARY UNDERWEAR

ALL WEIGHTS FOR ALL WANTS

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

NEW YORK: 16 West 23d Street
BROOKLYN: 155-157 Broadway
BOSTON: 504 Fulton Street
PHILADELPHIA: 230-232 Boylston Street
CHICAGO: 924 Chestnut Street
82 State Street

Agents in all Principal Cities

Rae's Lucca Olive Oil

appreciated by connoisseurs for its

Delicate Flavor

(No rank smell nor taste, so frequent in some brands of Olive Oil)

Guaranteed Pure Oil of Olives only

S. RAE & CO. Estab. 1836
LEGHORN, ITALY

THE
EQUITABLE
"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

\$ 000

1 prefixed to the above ciphers will make \$1,000 out of nothing.

About \$1 a week paid on an Endowment policy in the Equitable will give \$1,000 to you at the end of 20 years. If you die your family receives \$1,000 at once.

Moreover, at the end of the Endowment period you receive the accumulated profits also.

For further information fill out and mail coupon below:

Dept. No. 27

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY
120 Broadway, New York

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for \$ _____ if issued to a man _____ years of age.

Name _____

Address _____



"GOOD GRACIOUS! I'M AFRAID THE SHIP'S GOING DOWN!"
"TWON'T MATTER. NOTHING STAYS DOWN HERE."

Turn the bottle upside down

It won't hurt it.

There's no sediment in

Evans'
Ale or Stout



CALIFORNIA

BY THE
OVERLAND LIMITED

The luxurious train of Pullman Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Buffet-Library Car (with barber) which runs from

CHICAGO to SAN FRANCISCO

Every day in the year via

Chicago & North-Western
Union Pacific and
Southern Pacific Rys.

All agents sell tickets by this route.

Your appetite will not complain, even if the menu contains no other attraction but

“Peru”
Ramona
and
Athena
Sugar
Wafers

They please
ebery lober
of the dainty
and delicious.
National Biscuit
Company.



THE CLUB = COCKTAILS

Don't be prejudiced against bottled Cocktails until you have tried the Club brand. No better ingredients can be bought than those used in their mixing. The older they grow the better they are, and will keep perfect in any climate after being opened. You certainly appreciate an old bottle of Punch, Burgundy, Claret, Whiskey or Brandy, why should you not an old bottle of Cocktail? Have you considered it? Seven kinds. All grocers and druggists keep them.

29 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

Hartford, Conn.

London.

The "Arnold" Goods

Finest Knit Underwear in the world, for Women, Children and Infants. Forty-eight page free catalogue with 48 life Photographs is worth sending for. NOVELTY KNITTING CO., 325 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Children's Knit Night Drawers a specialty.

The combined non-halation and orthochromatic qualities of

Kodak Films

make them in every way superior to glass plates for winter landscape work.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Kodaks,
\$5.00 to \$35.00.
Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

Rochester, N. Y.

OLD CROW RYE

A STRAIGHT

WHISKEY

H. B. KIRK & CO.

Sole Bottlers :: :: New York

EGYPTIAN DEITIES CIGARETTES

are in a class by themselves among Turkish cigarettes, and have never been equaled. There is no uncertainty or indecision when buying them: you are sure that they are the best Turkish cigarettes that you can get anywhere. They never vary or change in quality, flavor or workmanship, because they cannot be made better or of better materials. It will interest you exceedingly, if you smoke "Turkish" at all and have never tried DEITIES, to light one and—well, you will know then that "No better Turkish cigarette can be made."

EGYPTIAN EMBLEMS

are the same as DEITIES but with cork tips.



Anargyros

This signature is on every box.